In the summer holidays, I did a parachute jump for charity. It was at Hinton Airfield near Banbury and my Mum and my husband came to watch.

I went up in a small plane and was strapped to an instructor. When it was very high we jumped out of the open door and floated down to the ground. It was great fun.

*(no detail)*

In the summer 2015, I did a parachute jump to raise money for charity. It was at an airfield about an hour away and my Mum and my husband came to watch.

I got up at 6 o’clock and had breakfast and then set off in my Mum’s car. Then I waited in a queue to get a suit to put on over my clothes.

Then we watched the first plane take off and it got high and looked tiny and a white dot came out of the back, then another and the dots got bigger as they came lower and then they all landed safely in the field.

Then my name was called. I got into the plane, sat down and my instructor clipped himself to me. The plane took off noisily and rose so high that it was above the small thin clouds and I was scared when I saw how high we really were!

Then the door of the plane was opened and the first pair had jumped. Then it was our turn. I sat down in the open door and the instructor soon tipped us both out. The air was rushing past my face and my ears were popping and I was afraid that the parachute wouldn’t open and prayed that it would be OK. Then it did and then we floated gently down, like a balloon and then we landed in the field.

I was amazed to have tried such a thrilling experience and all I wanted was to have another go!

*(too many ands, thens)*

On the first day of the summer holidays, I did a parachute jump to raise money for charity. It was at Hinton Airfield near Banbury and my Mum and my husband came to watch.

First I had to get up at 6 o’clock so that I could arrive by 8 o’clock. The sun was shining and the sky was blue. After breakfast we set off in my Mum’s car and got there about an hour later. When we arrived, I had to wait in a queue to be ticked off the list and I was given a suit to put on over my clothes with lots of straps and buckles.

After that we relaxed in the sunshine, watching the first plane load of people taking off and getting higher and higher. When the plane was so high it looked very tiny, a little white dot appeared out of the back, then another. We held our breath nervously, waiting to see the parachutes open. Before long, they had all landed safely in the field next door and I began to feel excited.

Several more planes went up but finally it was my turn. I clambered into the plane, which was only big enough to carry 12 passengers. Then I sat down in front of my instructor and he clipped himself to the straps on my suit. The plane took off noisily and rose so high that it was above the small thin clouds and the fields below looked like a map. My excitement turned partly to fear when I saw how high we really were!

The very next moment, the door of the plane was opened and in a flash, the first pair had jumped. Then it was our turn. I sat down in the open doorway and before I could worry too much, the instructor had toppled us both out. The air was rushing past my face and my ears were popping. I was afraid that the parachute wouldn’t open and prayed that it would be OK. Of course after about one minute, it did and then we floated gently down, like a balloon, slowly turning this way and that before landing easily in the grassy field.

I was delighted to have tried such a thrilling experience and all I wanted was to have another go!

In the summer 2015, I did a parachute jump for charity. It was at an airfield about an hour away and my Mum and husband came to watch.

First I got up at 6 o’clock, had breakfast and then set off in my Mum’s car. When we arrived, I waited in a queue to get a suit to put on over my clothes with lots of straps and buckles.

After that we watched the first plane take off. When the plane had got high and looked tiny, a white dot came out of the back, then another. The dots got bigger as they came lower and before long, they had all landed safely in the field next door.

Finally my name was called. I got into the plane, sat down and my instructor clipped himself to me. The plane took off noisily and rose so high that it was above the small thin clouds. I was scared when I saw how high we really were!

Soon, the door of the plane was opened and the first pair had jumped. Then it was our turn. I sat down in the open door and the instructor soon tipped us both out. The air was rushing past my face and my ears were popping. I was afraid that the parachute wouldn’t open and prayed that it would be OK. After one minute, it did and then we floated gently down, like a balloon and landed easily in the grassy field.

I was amazed to have tried such a thrilling experience and all I wanted was to have another go!